

The good parson Stubbs reminded them, that though this pretty little traveller was so well rewarded for his goodness of heart, yet little boys and girls should not do good actions merely for the hope of rewards. This little traveller did every thing through the natural goodness of his heart, and the pleasure he found in relieving the necessities of others afforded him a secret satisfaction, beyond any other recompence this world could afford him. Nothing is so pleasing to the generous heart as those tears of compassion, which sometimes insensibly steal down our cheeks; they afford us more real pleasure and satisfaction than all the tumultuous laughs of gay circles. These touch only the external senses, but the others penetrate our very souls. Mr. Stubbs then took leave of our little moralists, leaving them a lesson for the next day, and then walked home.

*Chapter*

*Chapter the Sixth.*



THE situation of our poor little traveller, as related in my last chapter, with a mad bull in pursuit of him.

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